To a pleasant new tune.

AS lately I lay in my bed,
willing for to sleepe:
A drowsie Dreame came in my head,
which made me for to weep,
If you are willing for to know,
The truth thereof I will plainely show:
Long before midnight there came immediately,
A man and sayd some good with me,
but told me not his name.

And then he brought me to a place,
and sayd, doe not feare:
Wherein I saw before my face,
one sitting in a chaire:
Me thought it was a dolefull sight,
And sure it did amaze me quite,
his personage beholde.
His leane lookes and hollow eyes,
His flesh from him gon cleane from his thighes
his haire did shine like gold.

I spake to him that brought me there,
neare friend, what is he
That sits so sadly in his chaire?
I pray you tell to me.
Then said he me it was a Iudge,
And from that place I must not budge
for feare of further strife:
For sure, my loving friend (quoth he)
Great store of company thou shalt see,
in perill of their lives.

With that I saw a King standing,
before him at that time:
And he was clothed all in white,
most seemely to be seene:
Then came his [illegible] his wife,
And of thy [illegible]

If thou wilt grant my life to me,
one yeare more of twenty yeares.
Good my Lord hold me excuse,
For I have money out at use,
which makes me shead my teares.

Then said the Iudge, tis all in vaine,
because thou hatest the poore.
Thy time thou shalt not here obtaine,
for all thy gold and store.
I scorne thy gold and usury,
A cruell death thou needs must die,
therefore stand backe awhile.
Then came in a simple man,
That was scarce able to goe or stand,
and on the Iudge did smile.

And said my Lord breake off this strife
if it may please thee:
Ile give to save the riche mans life,
for that will much ease me.
With that the Iudge tooke up a dart,
And strooke the poore man to the heart,
which was his onely choise.
Then five young Cittizen came in then
With instruments in
which made my heart rejoyce.

With that me thought a trumpet did
dolefully dolefully:
About the Iudge they stood up round,
presently presently:
This to the good the Iudge did say,
Goe forth along in that straight way
that leads to everlasting joy.
The broad way leave for the evill,
The which will bring them to the divell
which will their soules destroy.

And with these words I did awake,
Out of my drowsie sleepe:
And unto prayer my selfe betake,
as was both right and meete.
Thus of my dreame I make an end,
Trusting that God will us defend:
and guide us with his grace:
That when our lives shall come to an end,
And heaven he will us lend,
to have a resting place. Finis.

Printed at *London* by *A. M.*